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FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

In one of the lectures which he gave in this country, when he visited us several years ago, Brunetière used the following words:

"The first condition of disinterestedness is never to follow one's tastes, and to begin by distrusting the things which give us pleasure. The most delicious dishes are not the most wholesome; we never fail to distinguish between our cooks and our doctors. In the moral world the beginning of virtue is to distrust what is most natural to us, and the same is true in the intellectual world. To distrust what we like is the beginning of wisdom in art and literature."

We quoted this passage at the time when the distinguished Frenchman was our guest, and we now quote it again because it illustrates so clearly the fundamental characteristic of Brunetière's critical attitude toward literature. First and last he stood for authority in criticism as opposed to impressionism and caprice, for objective standards as opposed to subjective fancies, for law as opposed to anarchy in the appreciation of books.

As the chief champion in our time of the principle of authority in criticism, Brunetière occupied a distinguished position, and his loss is one of the most serious possible to the world of letters. He stood like a rock amid the flood of critical writing that has been steadily swelling of recent years, and that has no other credentials to offer for its acceptance than the possession of verbal charm, the display of intellectual agility, and the appeal to the hedonistic impulses of our nature. In his resistance to the disintegrating forces that seemed to him to be threatening disaster to the fine art of literature, he grew more and more uncompromising in his pronouncements, more and more reactionary in his attitude, and the end found him standing apart, in grim isolation, from most of the advancing movements and liberalizing tendencies of his age. It was a stand that challenged admiration, even when it revealed him as the foe of justice in the Dreyfus affair, as the enemy of social and political progress in his ultramontane partisanship, and as the opponent, in the name of the classical seventeenth century, of those literary developments which, not wholly for good but assuredly not wholly for ill, were bestowing

a distinctive character upon his own age, and were preparing the way for the age that should come after him.

The man who commits himself to the principle of authority in criticism incurs certain dangers, no doubt, which Brunetière's career illustrates. He is sure to be a conservative, and extreme conservatism is almost as much to be avoided as extreme radicalism. The conservative view is pretty sure to be the sound one in the majority of cases, because it results from the tested opinions of many minds; whereas the radical view is always experimental, and stands a fair chance of being proved untenable. But no lesson drawn from the history of thought is plainer than that radical views are sometimes right, and that the conservative ideas they oppose may be crusted prejudices rather than reasoned judgments. The critic of to-day is the heir of all the ages, but he is also an observer from the vantage-point of the new time, with its more refined instruments and its broadened horizons. There can hardly be a doubt that Brunetière set his gaze too resolutely toward the past, and that his devotion to the ideals of Bossuet and Racine made him incapable of doing full justice to Renan and Hugo.

There was, moreover, an irreconcilable contradiction between the critic in his character of *laudator temporis acti* and his character as the expositor of the principle of literary evolution. This principle was the philosophical basis of his later writings, and his defence thereof constitutes his chief claim to a permanent place in the history of criticism. One of the many statements that he made of it may be quoted.

"A given variety of literature, for instance, the English drama of the sixteenth century, or the French comedy of the seventeenth century, or the English novel of the eighteenth century, is in process of development, slowly organizing itself under the double influence of the interior and exterior 'environment.' The movement is slow and the differentiation almost insensible. Suddenly, and without its being possible to give the reason, a Shakespeare, a Molière, or a Richardson appears, and forthwith not only is the variety modified, but new species have come into being: psychological drama, the comedy of character, the novel of manners. The superior adaptability and power of survival of the new species are at once recognized and proved, indeed, in practice. It is in vain that the older species attempt to struggle: their fate is sealed in advance. The successors of Richardson, Molière, and Shakespeare copy these unattainable models until, their fecundity being exhausted — and by their fecundity I mean their aptitude for struggling with kindred and rival species — the imitation is changed into a routine which becomes a source of weakness, impoverishment, and death for the species. I shall not easily be persuaded that this manner of considering the history of literature or art is calculated to detract from the originality of great artists or great writers. On the contrary, as is doubtless perceived, it is precisely their individuality that is responsible for the constitution of new species, and in consequence for the evolution of literature and art."

It is not difficult to see that the principle thus formulated must act as a solvent of the traditional criticism of authority, and that its acceptance must render obsolete, in very large measure, the method of judging contemporary products by the closeness with which they measure up to classical standards. And it is also fairly evident to the reader of Brunetière's criticism of contemporary literature that his admiration of the past deadened his alertness to the possibilities of the present, and to no inconsiderable extent dulled in him the prophetic sense.

But the extremes to which modern impressionism has gone are such as to drive almost any judicially-minded critic into the camp of reaction; and it is small wonder that Brunetière's balanced intellect, with its sense of historical perspective and its temper of essential sanity, should have been repelled by the restless extravagances of current critical expression, and should have sought refuge in the haven of a past of defined and realized ideals. The tide of recent criticism has set so strongly against any form of law or any sort of acceptance of authority that we cannot but be grateful for the steadying influence exerted — always forcibly if not exactly gracefully — by the great critic who has just died. He has fought stoutly for thirty years in what must be admitted, despite certain defects of sympathy and aberrations of judgment, to have been a good cause, and his memory is deserving of all honor. Whether or not his books will continue to be read far into the future, we cannot foretell; if they fall too speedily into neglect and forgetfulness, we feel bound to believe that it will be so much the worse for the future.

THE MASTER-NOTE IN LITERATURE.

Death is the shadow which defines light. It is the mystery which underscores and emphasizes life. It is the negation which makes the assertion of existence valuable. The poetry of life, even the poetry of love, cannot compare with the poetry of death. At the touch of death the common masks of life are dropped, the vulgar veils of flesh dissolve, and high and stately forms step forth, — imaginations unembodied on earth, possibilities unhinted in the race we know.

I have no desire to add a page to Drelincourt on Death. But impatience consumes one at our modern attitude to the great, serious, and tragic themes of

thought and art. Especially does our American hedonism, our love of pleasure, our fear of pain or shock, rebel at the best and highest in literature. We grasp at the shallow criticism which speaks of the pessimistic, the melancholy, the gloomy, as the minor note. Even in music, from which this term is borrowed, it is not true that melancholy themes or notes which excite sad impressions are secondary. Most of the great symphonies, oratorios, requiems, are sad and stormy and terrible. And the same conditions are so plain in literature that a critic must apologize for pointing it out. But, our childish readers say, there is enough that is painful and shocking and horrible in life, — why reiterate it in literature? Wordsworth prayed for frequent sights of what is to be borne. We do not acquire fortitude by running away from danger, and a literature of lollipops is not likely to make a strong race. The tragic part of literature is the most tonic and most inspiring.

But to our task, which is to try to draw out the themes and situations in literature which have to do with death. First, there is the bier, the tomb, the grave themselves. Shakespeare frequently introduces the dead upon a bier. Antony comes to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. Richard wooes Anne over the bier of her husband. King Lear's heart cracks as Cordelia is borne in. Then there is the tomb of the Capulets, Hamlet at Ophelia's grave, the funeral of Imogen. Hugo has Hernani amid the tombs of the kings; and in Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" the prison becomes a grave. The grave yawned at every step in English eighteenth-century literature. Gray's "Elegy," Blair's "Grave," Young's "Night Thoughts," testify to the nerves of a people who were not afraid to face death. The Romantic school in Germany dealt so much in shrouds and cerements and fleshless bones that their literature is like an undertaking establishment.

Burial alive is a theme which so fascinated the imagination of our greatest American literary artist that he made it the basis of several of his stories. Its possibilities are summed up, however, in Juliet's speech. Suspension of life by means of drugs is a common enough factor of plot. Juliet herself simulates death in that way. The deception of death is used by Shakespeare in the "Winter's Tale" and "Much Ado about Nothing."

Temples, cathedrals, churches, are man's tribute altars to death. From Delphi and Stonehenge down they have been favored haunts of fiction, and in "Notre Dame" Victor Hugo has summed up and expressed the sentiment that attaches to them.

Dead cities, ruins, relics of the past, these breathe forth the very odor of death. Marius meditating over the ruins of Carthage, Ossian apostrophising Balclutha, Childe Harold wandering among deserted fanes, — these are figures that occur in this connection.

Waste places, deserts, mountain tops, — these are nature's monuments of death. The first Christian anchorites, each one of whom was a *memento mori*, a living denial of life, retired to the edge of the Egyptian desert. Balzac's "Passion in the Desert" expresses some of the sentiment of such places, and Flaubert's *Tentation de St. Antoine* gives the hallucinations which arise in them. Leopardi's "Ode to the Ginestra" expresses the mountain desolation and much besides.

Men are subject to partial deaths — loss of limbs, decay of faculties, paralysis, age. Invalidism is in literature in a thousand forms. Two of its oddest figures are the hero of Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin* who had his life shortened every time he made a wish, and Peter Schlemihl who lost his shadow.

There is a vast deal of poetry dedicated to the death of the year — Autumn. I am inclined to think that the Spring poets are not so prolific, nor have they so good a subject.

World engulfments, such as earthquakes, tidal-waves, volcanic destructions, are, like great wars, on too big a scale for literature to handle easily. Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" is an effort in this field, and there is a story of Jules Verne's about the partial destruction of the earth by a comet.

All these matters, however, are the mere fringe of our subject, the penumbra of the black eclipse. The central body of tragedy is concerned with the agonies and deaths of single figures and selected groups. The wholesale massacres of war are, as I have said, at once too vast and too business-like to be of much use in fiction. The execution done by the ancient epic heroes was more interesting than anything of the kind since. As a fighter in the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, you had a rather intimate and engaging task before you. You met your opponent face to face; you could select the special joint or organ you wished to carve or aim at; you saw the blood gush and the death-spasm convulse him, — and then you passed on to other work. In the middle ages, when your foe was a moving tower of steel, you were a great deal less in touch with him; and in modern times, when unseen you pump lead at an invisible enemy a mile away, there can be no personal interest in the business at all.

In the main, epic poetry is outward rather than inward, physical rather than spiritual, martial rather than tragic. The glitter of arms, sounding of trumpets, neighing of horses, descriptions of apparel, houses, cities, — all the panorama of earth, ocean, air, — these, ordered of course by some great event, are its subject matter. The deaths in it are incidental rather than inevitable. But in tragedy everything draws onward to the final stroke of fate. In the Agamemnon, all the incidents, — the first glare of the beacon, the murmuring of the chorus about the dreadful past of the House of Atreus, the shrinkings and vaticinations of Cassandra, — lead up to the moment when the doors are thrown open and Clytemnestra is seen leaning on the blood-stained axe. The whispers of the Witches on the blasted heath fearfully presage the horrors that are to come in Macbeth. The ghost appears to Hamlet, and then there can be nothing but death and deso-

lation at Elsinore. It is this concentration of all effects upon a certain point, and that point the death of one or more great characters, which makes tragedy the most impressive work of man.

There are deaths of high and holy mystery, — such as that of Moses, rapt away to his unknown grave; Elisha, caught up by the fiery chariot; and Œdipus at Colonus, whose death, "if ever any was, was wonderful." Another is the living death of Prometheus, chained to the rock, his vitals continually eaten and continually renewed, until he consents to yield his secret to Zeus.

Death scenes which hardly amount to high tragedy may yet rank as most pathetic and effective pages of fiction. How many tears have been shed over the death of Little Nell or Paul Dombey! What rather higher emotions have been roused by the passing away of Lefevre or Colonel Newcome! And the death of Porthos, — that scene alone would make Dumas immortal.

Newspaper writers invariably condemn the interest in murders as morbid. I am not sure I know what morbidity means, for I continually find myself applauding things in literature which persons of more delicate sensibilities tell me are tainted with that quality. I suppose the morbid is the abnormal, the unnatural. If this is so, the whole human race must be steeped in it, for there is nothing that so attracts and interests mankind as a murder. De Quincey's grotesque papers on "Murder considered as a Fine Art" hardly overstate this interest. I suppose the feeling of the many in this matter is a compound of sympathy with the victim whose person and past is suddenly lifted into a glare of light, a sickening sense that the same thing might happen to themselves, a desire for revenge, and a shock of excitement which raises them for the moment above the dull routine of life. All these feelings are natural. Probably three-fourths of the tragic pieces of the world, and a goodly share of the novels, are based on murder or suicide themes.

Death overhanging but evaded, as in hair-breadth escapes, heroic histories, adventures by land and sea, forms a main strand of fiction.

But death is the gate to the other world. Mankind marches through its open portals, and comes not back. What do come back are troops of ghosts and gods, philosophies and religions, thoughts that assuage and assure.

The scientific method has of late been applied to animism — to occult and spiritual phenomena. Cases have been counted and tabulated, the credibility of witnesses investigated; a vote has been taken, as it were, on the subject. Probably the results will not convince anybody who did not believe before. But it is made certain that animism is as deeply rooted in the modern world as it ever was. And it is equally certain that its manifestations afford the best kind of literary material — that they are the very brood of awe and wonder and mystical predominance.

Ghosts are the most natural, the simplest, of the spirit tribes. The human being desires or dreads companionship with the departed, and the Appearance comes. Or more frequently the Apparition is driven to walk the earth to expiate crimes committed there, or to relieve itself of the burden of some secret. The ancients had such a fully equipped establishment of spiritual agencies that they did not have much recourse to ghosts. And these were too tame and gentle for the demonologists of the Dark Ages. Shakespeare really did most to propel them into literature. The ghost in Hamlet, Banquo's spirit, the apparitions that rose before Richard, these established the standing of the family in literature.

The opposition between Good and Evil in the world was largely the origin of Demonology. People saw plainly enough that Evil usually had the upper hand, so they proceeded to worship or propitiate its deities. Europe kept a huge standing army of these things on foot for centuries, reaching from Beelzebub himself down to the humblest gnome or elf, with witches and warlocks for their human intermediaries. The Djinns, Afreets, Genii, Ghouls of Persia and Arabia, were an allied race. Folk-lore and popular legend are full of such imaginations, and Goethe has pictured their Olympus in Faust.

Magicians, miracle-workers, interpreters of signs, infest all ages. Such were the Enchanters who failed before Aaron, or the Magi who had to give place to Daniel. The early men of science were not only accounted miracle-workers by the populace, but themselves struggled to acquire occult powers. Pythagoras, Empedocles, Apollonius of Tyana, Paracelsus, Friar Bacon, and even in recent times Mesmer and Cagliostro, were probably half impostors, half seekers for the truth. The whole spirit of such personages is summed up in fiction by the single figure of Faust. Dumas's "Memoirs of a Physician" is an immense and amusing explication of it.

Gods are an integral part of the greatest literature. In the big times of poetry, writers began from Jove and not from their neighbor in a street-car. And audiences took it as a compliment to themselves to see divinities fighting, or conversing with, or making love to, their own ancestors. The vast elemental mythologies of India or Greece or Scandinavia tell yet on our imaginations. They tell more profoundly than anything that can be devised to-day. It cannot too often be repeated that religion and philosophy and literature are one. They are synonymous terms for the same thing. Religion is sometimes the text, philosophy the comment, and literature the visualising agency; but sometimes one precedes and sometimes another. The theogany of Hesiod came after the creation of Homer. The hymns of the Rig-Veda, the Upanishads, and the Hindu epics, followed in unknown order; but they are all literature, and all religion, and all philosophy. The vast Catholic mythology was built up with scant reference to the Scriptures.

The religious principles which have to do with death and the hereafter, the ideas of resurrection and immortality, have their philosophic counterparts

in Plato's Theory of Ideas and the Hindu thought of Maya or Illusion. But the philosophical schemes are comparatively barren for literature; whereas the religious ones burst out into creation everywhere. The final scenes of the Mahabharata, the episodes in the Greek and Latin poets dealing with Hades and Elysium, and, final summation of the whole, Dante's great poem, testify to the fruitfulness of those ideas.

Multiplicity rather than unity is the ruling spirit of literature. It must have opposing forces, strife, varied pictures of life. The tribal systems of Indian cosmogany, the dualism of Zoroaster, the delicately divided mythology of Greece, are all conformable to its laws. Even when it gets a pure monotheism like the Jewish, it proceeds as quickly as possible to transform it into a dualism and then into a trinity of good opposed to multiple powers of evil. For this reason, the Buddhistic idea of Nirvana can work little good for literature. There is a question whether the true doctrine of Nirvana is annihilation, or only resumption into God and the being freed from the pain of new birth. The latter interpretation is probably the Hindu one, while European thinkers who have accepted the doctrine — Schopenhauer above all — lean to the first. It is obvious that neither branch of this principle has any possibilities of literary growth and efflorescence.

Modern science is also in some sense paralyzing to literature. When it discovers myriads of organized creatures in a drop of water, and divides these again unto infinity into atoms and units of force, the human imagination is appalled and dismayed. Similarly, when it shows us streams of stars, clouds of nebulæ, universe upon universe, floating like bubbles on the bosom of ether — which substance itself is like death, a negation, yet the most potent thing there is — we may be inspired, but it is with an inspiration which cannot realize itself in concrete terms.

In beginning this series of brief inquiries into the root-ideas of fiction, I said that all literature is built up from a few scraps of nature and human experience. This is not to say that it is, in its results, simple. Many, perhaps most, writers have a predilection for a certain set of impressions, a certain sphere of action or thought. They write love lyrics, and they think that love lyrics are the whole of poetry; they photograph contemporary life, and they insist that such work is all that is worth doing. But if from the two-score or more of syllabled sounds all the languages of the world have been built up, if from the eighty simple elements there is made the whole universe, what are the possibilities of scheme and combination with the individual units of the human race? The count of those that are or have been rise in their myriads to numbers beyond name. Yet no two have been alike. Each human being has viewed and reflected the universe at a different angle and has been shuffled among his compeers in a different way. The possibilities of character and situation and plot are practically limitless.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

SOME OF THE PROBLEMS OF BOOK PUBLISHING are brought out in a forcible way by Mr. John Murray, the veteran London publisher, in an article in the December "Contemporary Review." Referring to the "Times book-war," and intimating that the "Thunderer" is grievously in error as to divers book-trade matters, Mr. Murray passes on to points of general interest in connection with his business. Some of its difficulties are experienced in the sudden and mysterious dead stop that may occur in the sale of almost any book at any time; in the unacknowledged and unpaid-for editorial supervision that a work may call for after acceptance; in the large demand for free copies of books (five for copyright purposes alone, in England); and in the doubling, in the last thirty years, of a publisher's general establishment expenses. The popular belief that Gladstone could secure the success of any book was proved false in the failure of three promising biographies published by Mr. Murray, two of them at Gladstone's instigation, and all three puffed by reviews, speeches, and private commendation from the great statesman. Pride in producing works of lasting value prompted the issue of the "Dictionary of Christian Biography," the "Dictionary of Hymnology," and the "Classical Atlas"; but these praiseworthy undertakings still show a deficit of more thousands of pounds than the publisher cares to name. No business in London, concludes the writer, except perhaps the management of a great newspaper, demands so much unremitting labor, alertness, and attention to infinite detail, as the business of publishing books.

* * *

THE REVIVAL OF INTEREST IN THE DRAMA manifests itself in more ways than one. An encouraging symptom is the establishment in Berlin of a "chamber theatre" for the elect of cultured and discriminatingly appreciative play-goers, those who enjoy "intimate" acting and to whom the conventional clap-trap of the stage is wearisome. In an oblong room panelled with mahogany, with no galleries or boxes, and without painted decorations, the spectator sinks into a luxurious arm-chair (for which he has paid twenty marks, by the purchase of eight tickets for the season) and is entertained by (let us say) a presentation of Ibsen's "Ghosts," in which the actors depend for effect wholly on their own intellectual and emotional equipment, foregoing the adventitious aid of false hair on head or face, of paint, and of all the arts and devices employed in the ordinary stage "make-up." Any forcing of the note would be out of harmony with the smallness and the tasteful simplicity of the "chamber theatre," and there is nothing to mar the enjoyment of the play as the production of a master mind interpreted by gifted and sympathetic artists. The only regret is that the sphere of immediate influence of so praiseworthy an innovation should, of necessity, be so restricted. Yet even thus some measure of leavening downward may be looked for, as always in movements that make for the elevating of art and literature.

* * *

THE ENDOWMENT OF "LAZYSHIPS" at Harvard was once recommended by Lowell. The wisdom of the learned man which cometh by opportunity of leisure, as the Preacher puts it, is not exactly the wisdom striven for by the late President Harper's ideal professor who was to toil strenuously and gladly eleven months of the

year in order to recuperate (in a sanatorium) during the twelfth — or perhaps to be cut off in his prime, as was Dr. Harper himself. The decay of academic leisure is deplored by Mr. Irving Babbitt in the current "Harvard Graduates' Magazine." This writer aptly quotes Professor Bosanquet's words: "Leisure — the word from which our word 'school' is derived — was for the Greek the expression of the highest moments of the mind. It was not labor; far less was it recreation. It was that employment of the mind in which, by great thoughts, by art and poetry which lift us above ourselves, by the highest exertion of the intelligence, as we should add, by religion, we obtain occasionally a sense of something that cannot be taken from us, a real oneness and centre in the universe; and which makes us feel that whatever happens to the present form of our little ephemeral personality, life is yet worth living because it has a real and sensible contact with something of eternal value." The lesson is an old one, but not the less timely: what we are is more important than what we do; wise passiveness is sometimes better than bustling activity. The present low estate of poetry has been ascribed to our lack of that contemplative leisure which is more and more difficult to find in the strenuous conditions of our modern life.

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TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT (with rifles) is a development that probably the poet did not so much as dream of when he penned his familiar line. Yet the advocates of general conscription in England, the "Blue Funk School," as they have been styled, appear to have inflamed the patriotic frenzy to such a pitch that the phrase "children in arms" now takes on a new meaning. A Devonshire vicar, evidently a representative of the church militant, is even quoted as declaring: "I would have every girl as well as every boy taught the use of the rifle, so as to be prepared, in case of emergency, to defend their homes, together with their brothers, husbands, and fathers. This is the spirit I inculcate in my parish. We want patriotic men and women, not cowards and sneaks." This reminds one of the turbulent paterfamilias and his blustering pronunciamento, "I will have peace in the family if I have to fight for it." The educational imbroglio in England has its amusing aspects, especially as viewed from outside; but even an outsider can sympathize with the editor of "The Westminster Review," who thus frees his mind: "That rifle shooting should be taught in our elementary schools with the sanction of a Liberal Minister for education, affords an astonishing commentary upon our much-vaunted principles of 'Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform.'" He trusts that the permission to add this new study to the curriculum will be speedily withdrawn — a consummation devoutly to be wished by all who hold that the reading-book is mightier than the Krag-Jorgenson rifle.

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ASPECTS OF AMERICAN CITIES, as seen by an English visitor, Mr. Charles Whibley, best known as a sprightly essayist and the author of "A Book of Scoundrels," "The Pageantry of Life," and "Studies in Frankness," have lately been receiving attention in "Blackwood's Magazine." Of New York this observer says that "the most vivid and constant impression that remains is of a city where the means of life conquer life itself, whose citizens die hourly of the rage to live." Visiting Boston, he is moved to declare that no more sudden or striking contrast can be found in America than between these two cities. The comparative quiet and decorous aspect and conduct of the New England capital pleased him. "Nowhere in Boston," he affirms, "will you find the extravagant ingenuity [in architecture] which makes New York ridiculous." Beacon Street he pronounces one of the most majestic streets in the world. Boston Common, the Old South Meeting-House, Faneuil Hall, the great university across the Charles — these and other places and institutions he warmly admires; but in asserting that Harvard "still worships the classics with a constant heart" he must be deceived as to how little of Latin and how much less of Greek (or is it now none at all?) are at present required for a B. A. degree from our oldest university. "Culture," he says, "has always been at once the boast and the reproach of Boston"; and he proceeds to criticise, with some deserved ridicule, the Boston passion for lectures, an American eagerness to acquire much in the least possible time. But he adds, referring to culture: "Even now Boston, its earliest slave, is shaking off the yoke; and it is taking refuge in the more modern cities of the West. Chicago is, I believe, its newest and vastest empire. There, where all is odd, it is well to be thought a 'thinker.' There, we are told, the elect believe it their duty 'to reach and stimulate others.' But wherever culture is found strange things are done in its name, and the time may come when by the light of Chicago's brighter lamp Boston may seem to dwell in the outer darkness."

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A CURIOSITY IN COMMERCIAL LITERATURE, and at the same time a gratifying bit of evidence that, in these days of mammon-worship, of graft, of investigating committees, and of mud-rakers, we are not all going straight to perdition, is found in a seedsman's trade catalogue from an Eastern business house. With a sublime trust in man's (and woman's) better nature, the head of this establishment has built up a prosperous business with none of the modern appliances of bookkeeping and auditing, checks and balances, that seem to rest on the theory that everybody is presumably a rogue until he is proved honest. The following reads like a page from the description of trade methods in some Utopian Spotless-Town: "The head clerks (they are ladies) pay themselves each week from the funds received by the one acting as treasurer. From year's end to year's end no receipt passes between us. Whenever the treasurer finds more money on her hands than she needs she passes it over to me, and I put it in my pocket without counting it. It is the same with the clerk below; he pays off the men, and from time to time passes over to me the surplus, no receipt for moneys received or paid out ever being passed between us. The clerks at large have always been paid by the hour; they keep their own accounts, hand these in to the lady in charge of their department at the close of each week, and are paid accordingly. During all my fifty years in business there has never been any reason to doubt the honesty of these weekly accounts." All this, and more in the same pleasant strain, is in reply to a customer who, having sent money in an unregistered letter and failed to hear of its receipt, imputed dishonesty to some clerk in the firm's employ. We are tempted to contrast with these humane methods the system in use at an institution of quite another sort, an institution dedicated to the cause of polite literature, — a public library, in short, — where the assistants are not free from the

irksome and humiliating, if not demoralizing, restraints and checks that are so happily unknown and unneeded in this other institution whose avowed object is the pursuit of gain.

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LONDON LITERARY HAPPENINGS, past, present, and future, are claiming attention with the coming in of the new year. Miss Mary Cholmondeley's "Prisoners" is pronounced to have been "the novel of the year" in England. The last twelvemonth has seen the death of many eminent English authors, including Dr. Richard Garnett, Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"), Mrs. Chesson ("Nora Hopper"), William Sharp (a dual or multiple personality, "Fiona Macleod" being but one of his phases), and F. W. Maitland, the biographer of Leslie Stephen. While we are preparing for our Longfellow centenary in February, the English are planning to celebrate, two months later, the two hundredth birthday of a genius of quite another order — Henry Fielding. The London literary correspondent of a leading New York journal proclaims, in addition, the forthcoming observance, in December, of still another bicentenary — that of John Wesley. But this good man and ever-enjoyable diarist was duly belauded and be-written three years and a half ago. Probably the correspondent means John's brother Charles (he says his man wrote 6500 hymns), and the hymn-writer was indeed born in December of the year 1707 — incorrectly given in the old reference books as 1708.

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AN ARTIFICIAL WORLD-LANGUAGE, even for business uses, may be an impossibility, but the claims of Esperanto as a medium of international intercourse among Aryan peoples are not inconsiderable. Such is its simplicity that with only two thousand roots (the greater part of them intelligible even to one who knows only English) seventy thousand words may be easily formed — enough, surely, for every-day purposes. Professor George Macloskie, writing in the "North American Review," considers the new language a work of genius, and takes exception to the late utterances of Professor Münsterberg, who, he avers, condemns Esperanto for the sins of Volapük. Dr. Zamenhof's address at the recent Esperanto congress is published in the same number of the "Review." The inventor of this tongue is an idealist as well as a practical linguist. He hopes great things for humanity from the spread of Esperanto: it will help to break down international barriers and to promote "brotherhood and justice among mankind." Even so cool a head as Professor Wilhelm Ostwald has caught the enthusiasm. Speaking at the Aberdeen University celebration last September, he regretted the existing diversity of tongues as a hindrance to international peace, and added: "I express my strong conviction that this problem is on the way of being solved by means of an international auxiliary language."

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HERO-WORSHIP ON THE WANE is the lament wafted to our ears from across the water. Shelley's notebooks — three little leather-covered memorandum books given by the poet's widow to Sir Percy Shelley, and by him to the late Dr. Richard Garnett — have been suffered to pass under the auctioneer's hammer in London to a rich American bibliophile, for $15,000. In Scotland Lord Rosebery has been trying, with no very brilliant success, to persuade the canny Caledonians to "chip in" and save the "Auld Brig o' Ayr" immortalized by Robert Burns — before some odious American multimillionaire shall appear on the scene and have the stones of the bridge numbered and carried off, to be built up again in his own back-yard. Another Scotchman whom it was some time ago proposed to honor with a monument in his native land is the great hero-worshipper himself; for him a replica of the Chelsea statue was suggested, but at last accounts the originators of this plan were disposed to accept with thanks enough money to pay for a medallion portrait. As a gratifying exception to the rule, the preservation of the Coleridge cottage at Nether Stowey by an English society with a characteristically long name (The National Trust for the Preservation of Places of Natural Beauty and Historical Interest) seems now not unlikely to become an assured fact.

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THE RIGHT TO PUBLISH PRIVATE LETTERS has recently become an interesting subject of discussion in England. A late decision of the Court of Appeal, whereby the right to publish certain letters of Charles Lamb was declared to reside with their present possessor or his agent, seems to entitle, in England, the receiver of letters to publish them without the consent of the writer, or of his executor or other legal representative if he be dead. This, in the opinion of many, is a perilous state of affairs, and calls for legislative correction. The persons most interested in the correspondence of a recently deceased celebrity are, manifestly, the surviving relatives and near friends, and not, in all cases, the recipients of the letters, or even the literary executor; but the family and friends have at present no legal right to interfere with the publication of posthumous matter of this sort. Will the frankness and freedom of friendly correspondence suffer from all this something like a cold chill, and lose the charm of its careless informality?

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THE DEATH OF FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE is appropriately noticed in a black-bordered leaflet inserted, evidently at the last moment, in the mid-December *Revue des Deux Mondes*, with which the eminent *littérateur* was so long connected as contributor and editor. The obituary notice, from the pen of M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, president of the magazine's supervisory council, is merely preliminary to a longer and more studied article that is soon to follow. The *Revue* justly prides itself on having extended to Brunetière the hospitality of its pages when he was poor and friendless, and on having retained and honored him until his death. That even in bodily suffering and decay he could still handle with an assured touch and a calm judgment the literary questions and contemporary problems that interested him, was evidenced by his latest contributions to the magazine which he conducted, and whose very last number of the year dying with himself was made up under his direction.

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RECORD PRICES FOR RARE BOOKS, so far as this country is concerned, were paid in the year just closed — another proof of commercial prosperity, if not of increased interest in literature. It was at Libbie's, in Boston, that the highest price for a single volume (Poe's "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems," Baltimore, 1829) and also for a lot (the four folios of Shakespeare, first and third imperfect) was paid at public auction. The Poe brought $1560, the Shakespeare $8950. An uncut copy of the former sold in 1901 for $1300, and a perfect set of the latter realized £10,000 at private sale in 1905.

The New Books.

The Author of "Ben-Hur."*

It is nearly a twelvemonth since General Lew Wallace died, in his seventy-eighth year. A full account of his long and remarkably eventful life, down to the summer of 1864, had been written by him in the preceding eight or nine years; and this autobiography his widow, assisted by a friend, Miss Mary H. Krout, now edits, with a continuation of the narrative. The whole is published in two octavo volumes of five hundred pages each, the final two hundred being the continuation. Portraits, facsimile letters, maps, and other illustrative matter, are amply provided, and the result is a work of more than ordinary interest, especially to the veterans of our great Civil War and to the survivors of the Mexican conflict. This earlier war takes up a hundred pages of the book, while the later one fills the last half of the first volume and two-thirds of the second. Besides being spirited and well written, this military narrative throws light on several matters of historic controversy.

The pages devoted to the author's early literary aspirations and activity, and those describing his rise and progress as a lawyer, a politician, and a diplomat, are thus cut down to comparatively small proportions; but this smaller section of the whole, especially the fraction of it that deals with the writer's literary interests, may perhaps best be more particularly considered in this review. The general outline of the author's public life is too familiar, or at least too easily accessible in books of reference, to detain us here. What is less known is his early indication of artistic talent, which, combined with an equally early and pronounced passion for the paraphernalia of armed encounter — a passion nourished by the Black Hawk War then in progress — resulted in a series of battle-pictures such as by no means every boy could have drawn. Two of these spirited sketches are reproduced in the opening pages of the book. A fondness for poetry and romance, as for literature generally; a love of nature, especially of rivers, with an incurable tendency to play truant from sunrise to sunset; and a delight in public oratory, whether set off by the imposing surroundings of a law-court or by the more turbulent accompaniments of a political gathering — these youthful likings and affinities foreshadow the varied pursuits and achievements of the grown man. His education and shaping were largely his own. Though the son of one who rose to be governor of his state (Indiana) and was afterward sent to Congress, young Wallace's early environment was of the rudest, and the untimely death of his mother removed one of the few gentler influences that had softened its asperities. Although he goes so far as to attribute wholly to his wife "what of success has come to me, all that I am, in fact," a reservation must be made in favor of the mother, to whom he also pays tribute as follows:

"My mother, the Esther French Test already mentioned, died in her twenty-seventh year, leaving me so young that her sweet motherliness is a clearer impression on my mind than either her qualities or her appearance. Of the latter, all I can now recall are her eyes, large, sparkling, and deeply brown. They follow me yet. Indeed, through my seventy years there has never been a day so bright or a night so dark that, upon recurrence of the thought of them, I have been unable to see them seeing me."

The reminiscences of a rejected suitor supply us with details of her beauty and grace, the charm of her innocent coquetry, her fondness for dancing, and with it all her Puritan devoutness, her goodness and charity. The father too deserves more than a passing word. He had a fine taste in literature and could render effectively the productions of the great writers. A description is given of one of these family readings, of rare occurrence in summer, "rather sovereign graces reserved for winter evenings," when solemn preparation was made by piling high the old-fashioned fireplace with fuel, and putting in place the table, lamp, and easy chair. Then at last "we were ready; so was the reader."

"My father had a face complementary of a beautiful head. A more serviceable voice for the carriage of delicate feeling I never heard. It was of all the middle tones, and remarkably sensitive to the touch of the thought to be rendered. . . . He delighted, for example, in the *Essays of Elia*; Shakespeare and Milton he regarded with a kind of awe. It was from him I first had the full effects of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Childe Harold." He fixed my standard of pulpit eloquence by the sermons of Dr. Chalmers, Robert Hall, Bossuet, and Bourdaloue. Once he gave an evening to Thucydides, and so powerful was his rendition of the retreat of the Athenians from Syracuse that it has since been one of my exemplars in historical writing."

Another pen-portrait must be given. Lawyer Wallace and his friend Daniel W. Voorhees — both of them recently established in their profession at Covington, Indiana — had taken advantage of a leisure day to hire a horse and buggy and drive to Danville, Illinois, where court was in session. In the tavern bar-room, after supper, sat three of the best story-tellers

*Lew Wallace. An Autobiography. Illustrated. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

of Indiana, "swapping anecdotes" with two "famous lawyers and yarn-spinners of Illinois."

"The criss-crossing went on till midnight, and for a long time it might not be said whether Illinois or Indiana was ahead. There was one of the contestants, however, who arrested my attention early, partly by his stories, partly by his appearance. . . . His hair was thick, coarse, and defiant; it stood out in every direction. His features were massive, nose long, eyebrows protrusive, mouth large, cheeks hollow, eyes gray and always responsive to the humor. He smiled all the time, but never once did he laugh outright. His hands were large, his arms slender and disproportionately long. His legs were a wonder, particularly when he was in narration; he kept crossing and uncrossing them; sometimes it actually seemed he was trying to tie them into a bow-knot. His dress was more than plain; no part of it fit him. . . . About midnight his competitors were disposed to give in; either their stores were exhausted, or they were tacitly conceding him the crown. From answering them story for story, he gave them two or three to their one. At last he took the floor and held it. And looking back I am now convinced that he frequently invented his replications; which is saying he possessed a marvellous gift of improvisation. Such was Abraham Lincoln."

Other reminiscences of Lincoln occur later. It was in one of the debates with Douglas that the author first heard him address a large audience. After the first ten minutes all inclination to laugh at the orator's grotesque appearance vanished. "He was getting hold of me," says the writer. "The pleasantry, the sincerity, the confidence, the amazingly original way of putting things, and the simple, unrestrained manner withal, were doing their perfect work; and then and there I dropped an old theory, that to be a speaker one must needs be graceful and handsome." More follows, graphically descriptive of this memorable debate.

Mrs. Wallace has inserted a pen-picture, from an early friend of her husband, of his appearance at the age of twenty-one. To complete this series of portraits, it may be well to give this one also. It is from an old letter of Miss Mary Clemmer (afterwards the brilliant newspaper correspondent and author, Mary Clemmer Ames).

"He is fashioned of the refined clay of which nature is most sparing, nearly six feet high, perfectly straight, with a fine fibred frame all nerve and muscle, and so thin he cannot weigh more than a hundred and thirty pounds. He has profuse black hair, a dark, beautiful face, correct in every line, keen, black eyes deeply set, with a glance that on occasion may cut like fine steel Black beard and mustache conceal the firm mouth and chin. His modest, quiet manner is the only *amende* that can be made for being so handsome. In a crowd anywhere you would single him out as a king of men. Marked for action rather than words, he is habitually reticent, yet when the time comes for speech is ready with eloquent words, given with a voice at once sweet and strong. A man of convictions, earnest in every nerve of his being, intensely earnest."

Wallace's early writing of "The Fair God" under the immediate suggestion of Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," with no thought of printing, and its resurrection and publication long afterward, make a good story, but cannot here be retold. One incident, however, connected with the book is too amusing to be passed by. A smooth-tongued gentleman, announcing himself as agent for a well-known New York publishing house, approached the young lawyer, engaged him in conversation on literary matters, incidentally betrayed a wonderful and enviable intimacy with all the foremost writers of the day, then veered off to the subject of competition among publishers, indicated the earnest desire of his house to hunt up and bring forward hidden talent, and finally begged to see the unpublished novel which Mr. Wallace was known to have in his desk. Then followed an examination of the manuscript, enthusiastic praises of its merits, a promise to recommend it warmly for publication, and, last of all, a courteous demand of a fee (fifteen dollars) for services rendered. The fee was cheerfully paid, and the velvet-voiced gentleman departed. One knows not which to admire more, the ingenuity and skill of the self-styled agent or the frankness of his victim in telling the story.

The Mexican War, whose outbreak the young Indiana law-student eagerly awaited, that he might be among the first volunteers to hasten to the front, he in his sober maturity does not hesitate to pronounce justifiable. Despite much inglorious hardship endured by him in a wretchedly unsanitary camp at the mouth of the Rio Grande, where hundreds died of a loathsome disease, and despite his smallness of opportunity to smell gunpowder, he unfalteringly declares, "From that day to this I have never regretted the year left behind me as a soldier in Mexico; neither have I at any time since been troubled with a qualm about the propriety even to righteousness of the war." In his detailed account of his Civil War experiences — a military history to be placed beside Grant's and Sherman's and Sheridan's similar reminiscences — the author gives a verbatim report (published probably for the first time) of the findings of the commission that inquired into the conduct of the army under Buell in Kentucky and Tennessee. Wallace, then a Major General, presided at the sessions of this commission. His report, forwarded to Washington, was lost or stolen; but luckily he had kept a copy, and this

copy is now printed. Its general tenor, as has long been known, was not favorable to Buell.

The book is excellent reading, especially for those fond of military history. Brisk and vivid in style, it has, if one may say so without unkindness, the swing and vigor of "a soul confident in itself [almost] to the superlative of vanity" — as the author writes in description of his young manhood. Even Mrs. Wallace's continuation of the narrative is so largely composed of letters and other matter from her husband's pen — including a reprint from "The Youth's Companion" of "How I Came to Write *Ben-Hur*" — that we hardly notice the transition. Errors of haste or negligence, including even lapses in grammar, and other more deliberate faults, can be found by the critical; but their enumeration would be a thankless task, and, now that the author is no longer living to profit by a friendly word of criticism, a motiveless one. Let the last word, then, be one of praise for this apparently faithful record; for, as Carlyle has said in words now familiar to many, "There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed."

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE TEACHING OF ELEMENTARY ECONOMICS.*

Few fields of college and university activity have had so remarkable a development in America during the last two decades as that enjoyed by the department of Economics. Although Political Economy had for years prior to 1885 held a place in the curricula of our colleges and universities, it was seldom pursued for more than one term, and its teaching usually devolved upon the professor of history, or more likely upon the president, who in addition to his administrative duties gave instruction in this subject and in "Moral Philosophy" to the college seniors. Rarely indeed was the institution to be found which had the work in Political Economy organized as a separate department.

The character of the teaching in this subject was almost, if not quite, as backward as the organization of the work. The subject of Economic Theory was in all essentials the same as it had been left by Ricardo, Mill, and Senior. The cost theory of Value, the abstinence theory of Interest, the Wage-fund theory, all had been subjected to little modification by the epigones who undertook to re-write and expound the doctrines of the masters. The discussion of most practical problems was equally ready-made. Only the subject of Protection awakened keen controversy, and here the teaching was that of the *doctrinaire*. The student might choose between the free-trade doctrines of Sumner, Perry, and Wayland, or the protectionism of Bowen and Thompson; there was no middle ground. Bimetallism received some attention, and Taxation was not wholly neglected. The "trust" question had not yet begun to loom big on the horizon, trade-unionism was merely noticed as a desperate device of laborers to overthrow the laws of God and man, and railway rates and discriminations perplexed the shippers and the legislators more than they did the economic philosophers.

In 1885 the American Economic Association was founded by a small body of young men who had for the most part received their training in Germany, and who on their return to America placed themselves on record as opposed to the traditional methods of teaching Political Economy then current in our colleges. It is chiefly the work of these men which has made itself felt in the later-day instruction in economic science. There is no place within the limits of this review to discuss the ways in which the work of these men has modified the older doctrines and methods. This much, however, may be said: the teaching of Economics has ceased to be the work of *doctrinaires*, and is now almost everywhere pursued according to the same methods that have proved so fruitful in the domain of the physical and natural sciences.

This change in the methods of instruction has met with a hearty response on the part of both the general public and the student body. People are bound to become interested in a subject which occupies the attention of most men during the majority of their waking hours, and men of affairs welcome an analysis of business relations and institutions based upon historical research and statistical observation. There is abundant evidence of the growing confidence which business men and statesmen feel in the methods and conclusions of economic investigators and teachers. In all branches of the government service there is a pronounced tendency to utilize the services of men trained in the universities to conduct thorough and elaborate investigations into the workings of business institutions; while within the university the latest development of the field of Economics is that which has been

*PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS. With Special Reference to American Conditions. By Edwin R. A. Seligman. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

prompted by the demands of the business world, viz., the expansion of the work so as to include instruction in accountancy, banking, commercial geography, commercial and industrial organization, corporation finance, insurance, transportation, etc., for the purpose of training men for administrative positions in the industrial world. If we consider the fifteen or twenty leading universities in the country where the elective system has made most headway, we shall find that the elections within this department usually equal, if they do not exceed, those of any other department. Such an interest in the subject would not appear, were it not for the feeling that instruction in it is capable of yielding information which has for its possessors great practical importance.

The expansion of the field of Economics and the change in the mode of treating its subject-matter could not but react upon the pedagogical methods of the instructors. For some years after the revival of interest in the "dismal science" — now no longer dismal — the method of teaching was mainly by lectures. This was partly due to the fact that the text-books in existence were little more than re-statements of the doctrines of the classical economist; and, as already stated, these doctrines did not commend themselves to the younger school. Another consideration which led to the selection of the lecture method was the fact that the majority of these younger teachers had been trained in the German universities and were desirous of introducing German pedagogical methods into this country. Experience showed, however, that the "pouring in" process did not succeed well with the average undergraduate whose mind may be likened to a sieve rather than to a mould. The weakness of the lecture method became more apparent as the growth of the elective system proceeded, and the ambition to increase the number and the size of the classes led to the gradual admission into the courses in Economics, first of the juniors, then of sophomores, and even in some cases of freshmen. The demand for a suitable text-book which should either displace the formal lecture or supplement this method of instruction made itself felt. The first works of this character to present modern views were those of the late Francis A. Walker, in many respects the most original of American economists. These text-books of General Walker were well written and were full of suggestion to pupil and teacher. They were produced, however, before the more recent theories of Value had made their influence felt on this side of the water, and as these theories gradually met with acceptance the Walker texts were not easily reconciled with them. Furthermore, there were many points in Walker's theory of Distribution — in particular, his residual claimant theory of wages — which, while marking a decided advance over the older theories, proved unsatisfactory to many economists. An English translation of one of the earlier editions of Gide's "Principles of Political Economy" also met much favor for a time, but it too had been written before its author was thoroughly familiar with the marginal-utility theory of Value, and it represented a very unsatisfactory attempt to harmonize the utility and cost theories. Professor Marshall's weighty treatise on Economics was abridged for text-book purposes, but it covered only a part of the field, and proved difficult for many beginners. Professor Ely's "Outlines" furnished a clear and concise statement of economic principles; and the same may be said of Professor Bullock's "Introduction." Both of these books were widely used as text-books for some years, and are still in use in many of the smaller colleges where perhaps only one term's work can be given to the elements of Economics. In the larger universities, however, where it is the custom to give four or five hours a week during a semester or even three hours for an entire year, these books furnished too brief an outline of the subject. Hadley's "Economics" served the purpose better, but this excellent work possesses some peculiarities of arrangement which have seemed to hinder its general adoption.

Within the last two or three years there have appeared four text-books prepared with especial reference to their use in university classes. A new translation of Professor Gide's book, which had been largely amplified and given an American dress by its translator, Professor Veditz, and two books written by two of the most brilliant of our younger economists, Professor Seager of Columbia and Professor Fetter of Cornell, made their appearance about the same time. These works were well received and have been widely adopted in university classes. The last of the four books to leave the publishers is that of Professor Seligman of Columbia University. Professor Seligman is the youngest of that group of scholars who, as already mentioned, introduced the historical method of treatment of Economics into this country, and thus began a new epoch in its teaching and investigation.

The value of any text-book will largely de-

pend upon the teacher who handles it; and for this reason it is impossible to criticise such a work in a way which shall do much more than reflect the personal judgment of the critic. Of Professor Seligman's scholarly abilities in this line of work there can be no difference of opinion. He has long ranked as one of the most patient investigators and keenest of critics now engaged in this field of knowledge. Having an easy command of four or five languages, and possessing the largest private library in Economics in the world, Professor Seligman has had splendid opportunities for becoming familiar with economic literature, and these opportunities have not been neglected. The advantages of his wide reading, probably not equalled by that of any other scholar on this side of the Atlantic, are in the present work shared with his readers. Perhaps the feature which commends it most strongly to the teacher is the carefully selected and well classified lists of books, periodicals, and government documents, which serve as an introduction to the book or appear at the head of the various chapters. Even the man who is pretty familiar with the literature of the subject will be grateful for this accurate list of authorities and for the brief but pointed comments which accompany many of the titles.

In the present reviewer's opinion, Professor Seligman's volume is likely to prove of more value to the teacher of Economics than to the beginner in the subject for whose benefit primarily it was written. This is not because of any lack of clearness or other defects of style. It is due rather to the fact that the author has attempted to cover too much ground and to introduce the student to too great a variety of subjects. It is true that a *complete* comprehension of principles cannot be had without considering all their applications and all the institutions to which economic activities have given rise. This does not necessitate, however, introducing a beginner to a piecemeal consideration of all these subjects in order to furnish him an opportunity to get a firm grasp of fundamental notions. In the present work, besides the subjects ordinarily covered in elementary treatises on Economics and formerly arranged under the general headings of Production, Exchange, and Distribution, we have chapters on "Economic Law and Method," "The Economic Stages," "The Historical Forms of Business Enterprises," including a discussion of theories concerning the clan and the family, "The Development of Economic Thought," "Private Property," "Competition," "Freedom," "Poverty and Progress." As brief statements, these chapters are excellently well done; but in the case of most of these subjects it is not possible in the space allotted to give to the beginner such information as will enable him to comprehend the significance of these institutions or the part they play in economic life. The most unfortunate result of their introduction, however, lies in the fact that this necessarily curtails the space assigned to the treatment of the unsettled problems of Economics, and this in turn leads to a rather dogmatic treatment of these problems. The discussion of the many vital and difficult questions which, taken together, constitute the so-called "labor problem" is compressed within nineteen pages. This means in the case of many of these questions only the barest outline. The subject of Industrial Coöperation, for example, covers less than a page of the text. Professor Seligman expects very little from this movement; but whatever one's attitude of mind may be toward the practical results to be obtained, it is at least desirable that enough space should be given to the subject to make the student realize the high ideal which Coöperation offers as a solution of the labor problem.

The treatment of Credit is too briefly stated to be comprehended by a beginner, while the discussion of Socialism is almost superficial. In some instances, however, this brevity of treatment has proved conducive to lucidity, as, for example, in the case of the discussion of the rate of international exchange. The difficult subject of Value, fortunately, commands more space than is assigned to it in any of the other text-books to which we have referred; not less than one hundred pages — one sixth of the book — being taken up with its discussion. Nor is this a disproportionate emphasis when one takes into consideration the fundamental character of the subject and its difficulties for beginners. The discussion is not only thorough but clear. Especially commendable is the section which deals with Social Values. It has been the experience of the reviewer that most text-book writers have failed to make clear to the student the distinction between individual and social valuations; or, rather, they do not make clear the fact that an individual's valuation of a commodity is completely altered whenever it is possible to take advantage of other people's valuations of the same commodity.

One of the striking features of the book is the large place which is given to the influences of the physical and historical environment on the economic activities and theories of a people.

Professor Seligman seems to have been influenced, more than most American economists, by the German historical school, though he is no blind follower of that school. As a general rule, there is no criticism to be passed upon this part of the book, but in some instances the author seems to have taken an extreme attitude, as when he seeks to explain the change from English individualism to Australian socialism by mere differences in climate.

Professor Seligman follows closely the lead of his colleague, Professor Clark, in his development of the theory of Distribution. Like the latter, he seeks to show the universality of the law of rent, and the return to each factor in production is calculated according to the yield of its final unit employed. While not an unqualified supporter of a protective tariff, the author attaches more weight to the arguments for protection than most economists have done, and he believes that a protective policy has been and still is a wise policy for the United States. His defense of what has come to be called the "dumping policy" of leading American manufacturers, whereby a surplus at home is unloaded upon the foreign market at lower prices than these goods are sold for at home, is very weak. "It does not follow," he says, "that the lower foreign prices make the domestic price higher than it would otherwise be." But the price is certainly higher when a portion of the supply is withdrawn to sell abroad than it would be if it were kept at home. It was because the whiskey producers could not prevent over-production during the early '80s that a pool was formed for the purpose of selling the surplus abroad in order to maintain prices at home.

Always careful to avoid the criticism of being a blind partisan, Professor Seligman does not hesitate to declare his position in regard to the perplexing problems of the present. His own treatment of these problems throughout the present work well illustrates the attitude of mind which on the closing page of his book he urges the student of Economics to take. "The economic student, if he is worthy of his calling, will proceed without fear or favor; he will be tabooed as a socialist by some, as a minion of capital by others, as a dreamer by more. But if he preserves his clearness of vision, his openness of mind, his devotion to truth, and his sanity of judgment, the deference paid to his views, which is even now beginning to be apparent, will become more and more pronounced."

M. B. Hammond.

Echoes of a Famous Literary Conflict.*

In his preface to "The Text of Shakespeare," Professor Lounsbury virtually admits that the title is a misnomer. The volume is primarily a contribution to the literary history of the eighteenth century, and it will stand in our libraries among the commentaries on Pope. It is a long arraignment, based on the most ample evidence, of Pope's mystifications and falsifications of fact, his cowardly fighting from behind masked batteries, his unscrupulous malevolence in attack, and his astounding assumption of a severe and unassailable morality. "His reputation as a poet, he asserted, or intimated, was but little in his thoughts; what he desired to be considered was a man of virtue" (p. 470). "It is my morality only," he wrote to Aaron Hill, "that must make me beloved or happy" (*ibid.*).

The occasion for this new exposure of Pope's "indirect, crook'd ways" is the story of his long quarrel with Theobald over the constitution of the text of Shakespeare — if that can be called a quarrel which consists of unremitting and malignant depreciation and calumny on the one side, and an almost entire dependence upon the plain statement of facts on the other. The present volume is an attempt to reverse the decision of Pope's case by his enlightened contemporaries, and by all but experts at the present day. The preternatural cleverness of Pope, the reverence in which he was held as the first poet of his age, the unscrupulous zeal of his disciples, and the tendency of an uncritical public to accept as true whatever is repeated with sufficient frequency and emphasis, all contributed to bring about a miscarriage of justice. In the minds of any intelligent and attentive jury, Professor Lounsbury, though he declares that he does not hold a brief for Theobald, must be considered to have secured a judgment for him, though at the eleventh hour.

The book has, therefore, the additional merit of being an attack upon what its author calls, not unjustly, "that collection of notions and fancies and prejudices and traditional beliefs which we dub with the title of literary criticism" (p. 485). For it is undoubtedly true that the current opinion of Theobald, so far as his name is known at all, is the one of Pope's creating. Many of his admirable emendations and interpretations of the text of Shakespeare have been

* The Text of Shakespeare. Its History from the Publication of the Quartos and Folios down to and including the Publication of the Edition of Pope and Theobald. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, L.H.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

appropriated by editors who have depreciated the man whom they plundered. His own scrupulosity in giving full credit to anyone from whom he took a suggestion has been so effectually used against him that, as Professor Lounsbury wittily puts it, "anyone who familiarizes himself with the practice he pursued, and the treatment which he received as a consequence of it, will become thoroughly disabused of any belief in the truth of the maxim that honesty is the best policy" (p. 539). The authoritative edition of Pope's works by Elwyn and Courthope says of Theobald: "He was pedantic, poor, and somewhat malignant. He had attempted with equal ill-success original poetry, translation, and play-writing; and had indeed no disqualification for the throne of Dulness except his insignificance" (vol. iv., p. 27). Yet Professor Lounsbury makes it clear that Theobald was no pedant, unless exact and extensive scholarship be pedantry, that he was not poor, and that his "malignancy," when compared with Pope's, strangely resembles generosity; that his poetic gift was regarded as sufficient to entitle him to be considered for the laureateship, and that a play, written when he was twenty, was performed by the two principal tragedians of the time; and finally, that he was as little entitled to the "bad eminence" to which Pope raised him in the original Dunciad as the great Bentley himself. Theobald's "childlike confidence in the fairness of future generations," says Professor Lounsbury, "was never born of insight" (p. 537), nor was his understanding of human nature very acute when he wrote of his corrections of Pope's text: "Wherever I have the luck to be right in any observation, I flatter myself Mr. Pope himself will be pleased that Shakespeare receives some benefit" (p. 191). But Mr. Pope was not pleased. Instead, he prefixed, apparently for all time, the epithet "piddling" to Theobald's name.

The story of the quarrel is so interesting an illustration of "the amenities of literature" that a brief summary of Professor Lounsbury's ample treatment may perhaps be welcome. In 1725 appeared Pope's long-heralded edition of Shakespeare, about which, as Professor Lounsbury remarks, "everything was excellent but the editing" (p. 82). Despite his professions, Pope had entirely failed to perform the plain duties of an editor. He had made no careful collation of the original texts, and indeed had so little perception of the value of the First Folio as to write, "It is from it that almost all the errors of succeeding editions take rise" (p. 82). He ignored or suppressed variants, he made silent emendations, he neglected to explain difficulties in the text, or explained them wrongly. His chief contributions of value were certain verbal re-arrangements in the interest of metre, the addition to the Folio text of many lines taken from the quartos, and the elimination from the canon of six non-Shakespearean plays that had been included in the Third Folio. Even the much-lauded poetical taste displayed by Pope as an editor, in which, despite his defects, he was and still is regarded as supreme, did not prevent him from suspecting that "The Winter's Tale" and "Love's Labour's Lost" were not wholly Shakespeare's work. Theobald's "Shakespeare Restored: or, a Specimen of the many Errors, as well committed, as unamended, by Mr. Pope in his late Edition of this Poet," etc., which appeared in 1726, was not, therefore, an impertinence. Moreover, says Professor Lounsbury, "his treatise surpasses in interest and importance any single one of its numerous successors" (p. 155). It abounds in felicitous and what now seem inevitable emendations, among them the famous "a babled of green fields"; and these emendations are not the result of mere conjecture but are supported by parallels drawn from other plays. "In short," as Professor Lounsbury says, "his method was the method of a scholar, and wherever he erred it was the error of a scholar, and not of a haphazard guesser" (p. 160). But one serious error he made from which scholarship could not save him, — of which, indeed, scholarship was the direct cause, — he proved himself to be, as an editor of Shakespeare, the manifest superior of the leading poet of the age. This would probably have been sufficient to gain Pope's enmity, which was never merely passive; but it must be granted that Theobald was not inclined to depreciate or conceal his superiority to the poet in this particular, — a failure, as the sequel proved, not more in civility than in discretion. For, in 1728, he found himself elevated by the Dunciad to the very throne of Dulness. He was dethroned, to be sure, by the edition of 1743, in favor of Colley Cibber, but this was too late for his fame. Thanks to Pope's diligence and influence, most of the men whom he stigmatized as dunces are to-day regarded as deserving the title, and Theobald is no exception to this rule. Nevertheless, it should be remembered that, in Pope's mind, Bentley too was a dunce, and Theobald may well have felt consolation, if not pride, in being pilloried with that great scholar.

In 1734, he made a reply to Pope's charges that all competent judges must deem sufficient: he brought out his own edition of the works of Shakespeare, which, for correctness of method and felicity of emendation and explanation, was as superior to Pope's as to most of its successors. Some of Professor Lounsbury's most interesting and valuable pages are devoted to illustrations of these excellences. The attacks upon Theobald were not, however, on this account remitted, but continued in the pages of "The Grub Street Journal," which "owed its conception and creation . . . mainly to Pope" (p. 385).

Such, in brief, is the history of the great "Shakespearean War" of the eighteenth century, the outcome of which was far enough from being a "Judgment of God." "The fate of Theobald," concludes Professor Lounsbury, "is likely to remain for all time a striking instance in the annals of literary history, of how successfully, to use the words of the author he did so much to illustrate, malice can bear down truth" (p. 567).

In style, this volume is delightfully clear and entertaining, despite some rather painful *longueurs*. Professor Lounsbury wears his learning lightly, and the reader, therefore, feels no burden. It is full of the personal touches, keenly or blandly satirical, which his readers always expect, and in which no American literary scholar surpasses him. His luminous and personal style should be an example to all who practice the difficult art of criticism.

CHARLES H. A. WAGER.

THE TRADE ORGANIZATIONS OF MEDIÆVAL ITALY.*

To the general reader of history, mediæval Florence is the city of Dante and Petrarch, the home of the Renaissance, the birthplace of modern culture. Early Florentine history is to him a long and important chapter in the story of European civilization; from the city on the Arno the popular imagination views at the same time the splendors of the Athenian past and the still grander accomplishments of our own age. While it is true that the achievements of Florence in the field of intellect constitute her chief glory, still her history is not wholly concerned with letters and art. Even genius has certain material wants that somehow must be satisfied. The city that first acquainted western Europe with the treasures of Greek learning was the city that coined the florin. In commerce and industry, as well as in matters of culture, Florence was for several centuries one of the leading centres of Europe.

The material side of Tuscan history has been made the subject of an extended study by Mr. Edgcumbe Staley, an enthusiastic student of the Florentine past. Mr. Staley's investigations make a volume of about six hundred pages; it is provided with a large number of splendid illustrations, nearly all of which are reproductions of miniatures and are consequently of great historic value; it also contains several excellent photographs of buildings and other historic survivals. The author groups his sources under four heads: manuscripts, printed matter, letters from authorities and friends, and personal knowledge of the city and its people. The work is, however, to some extent a compilation merely, as the author, instead of making a personal examination of the manuscript sources, seems to have depended largely on the conclusions of earlier students.

There can be no doubt that the intention of the publishers was to produce a popular history rather than a strictly scientific work. The author's intentions are not so clear, though the volume closely resembles the popular type in many respects. It is not provided with notes of any sort, and the literary style is too exuberant to be that of an historian writing primarily for students. In his opening paragraphs the author speaks of the three young sisters that were fostered in the vale of Arno, — Art, Science, and Literature, — and continues as follows:

> "No question ever arose as to whose was the subtlest witchery, but each developed charms, distinct and rare, yet not outrivalling one the other. With harmonious voices blended, and ambrosial tresses mingled, the three interlaced their comely arms, and tossing with shapely feet the flowing draperies of golden tissue, which softly veiled the perfect contours of their beauteous forms, they gaily danced along. Their enchanting rhythm was the music of the new civilization: — it we know — and them — but what of their origin? whence came they? and who were their forebears?"

It would only be doing justice to the author to say, however, that rhetorical outbursts like the one quoted are not general throughout the volume. The spirit of the writer seems in the main to be that of the true historian: he quotes freely from his sources, and at least aims to be

*THE GUILDS OF FLORENCE. By Edgcumbe Staley. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

accurate in his statement of facts. To such an extent has he filled the work with details of all possible sorts, with dates and statistics, with Italian words and phrases, with allusions to laws and constitutional changes, with lists of merchants and bankers, and with other data both historic and scientific, that the reading of even these beautifully printed pages after a time becomes somewhat tedious. The author has presented too much of his materials in an undigested form: as a popular historian, he has not been entirely successful.

The author introduces his subject in two chapters of a general nature in which he discusses the extent of Florentine commerce and the methods of the mediæval merchant. In the first he sketches the rise of Florence from comparative obscurity in the days of Charlemagne to the high place that she held seven centuries later. "From the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries Florence easily held the first place in the life and work of the known world: she was in fact Athens and Rome combined." This preeminence is ascribed to "accidents of climate, geographical position, and peculiarities of race." "The cumulative energies of the Florentines had their focus in the corporate life of the trade associations, and in no other community was the guild system so thoroughly developed as it was in Florence." The general history of this system is the principal theme of the second chapter. As to the origin of the guilds, the author believes they have been "rightly traced to the corporations of merchants and artisans which existed in Rome under Numa Pompilius." Apparently Mr. Staley has no doubts as to the existence of that venerable monarch, or the credibility of the early traditional accounts of him. These corporations were revived in the Lombard region in 825, although more than two centuries passed before they secured a firm footing in Florence. As the years went by and the guilds grew in importance they developed an elaborate constitution, or rather a type of guild government, as the various corporations had their own constitutional peculiarities; of these matters the author gives us a fairly clear statement. In the same connection he also discusses the authority exercised by the guild officials in the general government of the city.

In the course of time the trade organizations of Florence came to be grouped into seven greater, five intermediate, and nine minor guilds. To each of the seven greater guilds the author devotes a chapter. First in rank was the corporation of judges and notaries; next in importance were the dealers in foreign cloth and the merchants engaged in the wool trade; important also was the guild of bankers and the dealers in silk; the guilds of doctors and apothecaries and of furriers and skinners held a somewhat lower place, but were still counted among the seven. In each case the author tries to familiarize us not only with the history of the guild, but with its work as an organization, with its opportunities and its limitations, with its methods and its importance at home and abroad. We are told how cloth was woven and silk was dyed; how furs were prepared and drugs were mixed; how banks were conducted and lawyers were trained. The reader is taken into the courts, the counting-house, the apothecary shop, the market, and the factory, and in each particular place the work is inspected with considerable care.

Two chapters are devoted to the five intermediate guilds: those of the butchers, the blacksmiths, the shoemakers, the masters of stone and wood, and the retail cloth-dealers. Three chapters are given to the nine minor trades. The same style of treatment is employed throughout, though naturally the lesser trades, which were of local importance only, are not discussed so fully as the greater guilds, whose agents and representatives were found in every commercial centre in the known world.

It is not likely that very many readers will be able to plough through all of the twenty chapters of "The Guilds of Florence." Too much technical matter has been inserted, and the details are often uninteresting and unimportant; at least they will seem so to all who have not made a closer study of the Renaissance period. But no one with any interest in the general subject can afford to miss the last hundred pages of the book, in which the author treats such matters as the market, the streets, the squares, and the bridges; the religion, the patronage, and the charity of the guilds; and the wealth and power of the great Tuscan city. In these pages, as well as elsewhere in the work, the reader is given a close view of Florentine life, and he cannot fail to understand the later middle ages better from having read them. No doubt the author's enthusiasm has led him at times to employ strong and vivid colors; but the Florentine student can hardly avoid being enthusiastic, and the world understands and judges accordingly.

LAURENCE M. LARSON.

Journeyings in Coveted Lands.*

Amidst the almost numberless books of travel, there are some of the better sort that rise above the mere interest of commonplace descriptions and the ordinary experiences of the traveller. They awaken in us a lively sense of the untried and the unknown; they quicken our minds and arouse our emotions by the evidences of energy, self-reliance, foresight and heroism which they display. As long as there remains an unexplored foot of ground, or an unconquered race, so long will mankind feel an absorbing interest in books which depict vividly man's conquests over man as well as over the obstacles of nature. The books in our present group, dealing with exploration and travel in little known or mysterious regions of the Far East and the Near East, satisfy this higher interest, and present many engaging racial, religious, and political problems for our consideration.

Lieutenant-Colonel Waddell's volume entitled "Lhasa and Its Mysteries" tells the story of the Younghusband Mission, in 1903–04, to Lhasa, the sacred city of the Tibetans. In a graphic and lucid style it portrays the strange life and strange religion of a people who have been but recently introduced to the world. Colonel Waddell's account of his first sight of this wonderful place is a good example of the impressionistic method of travel-writing.

"The first glimpse of the sacred metropolis is dramatic in its suddenness. As if to screen the holy capital from view until the last moment, Nature has interposed a long curtain of rock which stretches across between the two bold guardian hills of Potala and the Iron Mountain. . . . The vista which then flashes up before the eyes is a vast and entrancing panorama. On the left is the front view of the Dalai Lama's palace, which faces the east, and is now seen to be a mass of lofty buildings covering the hillside — here about 300 feet high — from top to bottom with its terraces of many-storied and many-windowed houses and buttressed masonry, battlements, and retaining walls, many of them 60 feet high, and forming a gigantic building of stately architectural proportions on the most picturesque of craggy sites. The central cluster of buildings, crowning the summit and resplendent with its five golden pavilions on its roof, was of a dull crimson, that gives it the name of the 'Red Palace,' whilst those on the other flank were of dazzling white; and the great stairway on each side, leading down to the chief entrance and gardens below, zig-zagging outwards to enclose a diamond-shaped design, recalled a similar one at the summer palace of Peking. A mysterious effect was given to the central portion of the building by long curtains of dark purple yak-hair cloth which draped the verandahs, to protect the frescoes from the rain and sun, but which seemed to muffle the rooms in scenery."

Of the thirty thousand people living in the vicinity of this splendor, two-thirds are monks. Although in a state of miserable poverty and isolation, they have much of the human in them; they are given to games, sports, sacred theatrical performances, and have an inordinate love of jewelry. There are but few children and few old people among them, the rigorous climate permitting only the survival of the strongest. The greatest interest that Colonel Waddell found in this city of the Great Buddha was connected with the religious rites and ceremonies of the monks and the explorations among the scrupulously guarded secret places of the great palace. Here the author is most impressive, and does much toward lifting the veil that has so long hung over the mysteries of Lhasa.

The connection between the book just noticed and the one entitled "Western Tibet and the British Borderland," by Mr. Charles A. Sherring, is more intimate than at first appears. That the treaty of Lhasa, consummated by the Younghusband mission, marked a new era in the political and commercial relations between Tibet and India is evident from the cordiality and friendship extended by the native officials of Western Tibet, or Nari, toward the members of Mr. Sherring's mission. This mission, which was sent into Nari for the purpose of inquiring into the commercial possibilities of that little-known country, met with a friendliness hitherto unknown. Its connection with the mission described in Colonel Waddell's book is thus explained by Mr. Sherring:

"These officials of 'The Forbidden Land' were at first a little anxious to cast a veil of mystery over things generally, and especially over all matters religious; and it was not for us to intrude where we were not wanted. But when the Jongpen came to our camp another day I took Waddell's 'Lhasa and Its Mysteries' and systematically took him through all the photos, pictures of persons, officials, temples, and all the most sacred spots, and the most private details of the highest functionaries. . . . When he had seen pictures of all that used to be so secret and mysterious in Lhasa, there was, in the words of Holy Scriptures, 'no spirit left in him.'"

Mr. Sherring asserts that "the concessions that have been obtained by the treaty at Lhasa in regard to Gartok [the capital of Western Tibet] are of greater importance to the native subjects of His Majesty than the whole of the concessions in Eastern Tibet. By far the larger part of the population of India is composed of Hindus, who are not traders or miners, to whom wool and borax do not appeal. . . . But the Hindu is first and foremost a devotee, and to him the claims of this religion incomparably outweigh all else that is secular." Hence this treaty, which permits free ingress into Tibet, invites the Hindu to make pilgrimages to holy Kailas and to other equally sacred shrines in Western Tibet. Out of these pilgrimages may come, so thinks the author, an increase in commerce. But if Mr. Sherring's own descriptions of Western Tibet are to be taken as evidence, it will be a long time before that country will be productive enough to repay commercial encouragement. Surrounded by rugged mountains, with a scanty population living on the wide wind-swept and waterless plateaux, and with an extreme elevation, Western Tibet offers little inducement to the trader. There is, to be sure,

*Lhasa and Its Mysteries. By Lieut.-Col. L. Austine Waddell. Illustrated. Third and cheaper edition. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Western Tibet and the British Borderland. By George A. Sherring. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Tibet the Mysterious. By Col. Sir Thomas H. Holdich. Illustrated. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Pictures from the Balkans. By John Foster Fraser. Illustrated. New York: Cassell & Co.

gold in the mountains, but the physical difficulties are too great to mine it with profit. For these reasons it will probably remain, for a long time at least, only a dwelling-place of the Hindu gods. The best parts of Mr. Sherring's volume are the chapters devoted to the legends and myths of the natives, especially the Bhotia tribes of the frontier, and to the quaint customs and manners of the British Borderland. Here Mr. Sherring, who has for some years been Deputy Commissioner of Almora, is more at home than he is at Tibet, and he knows his subject so thoroughly that he writes with more fulness and freedom than when discussing the possibilities of Nari. Dr. T. G. Longstaff, who accompanied the author on his journey, contributes an account of a week's climb on Gurla Mandhata, the highest mountain in Western Tibet. Like nearly all recent books on Tibet, this volume is exceedingly attractive in its make-up: there is an abundance of good pictures and excellent maps — features that no doubt suggest the importance of Tibet to stay-at-home Britishers.

The literature of Tibet has grown to large proportions in the past few years, and the immediate interest in the Tibetan situation is sufficiently acute to demand a handbook which will serve both as an introduction to and a summary of the various expeditions and travels, and of the geographical and political features of that well-nigh impregnable land. Such a book is "Tibet the Mysterious," by Colonel Sir Thomas H. Holdich. Colonel Holdich, although not an explorer or traveller in Tibet, has made an exhaustive investigation of all the literature relating to that country, and has summarized his studies in an accurate and systematic manner. For those who wish to plunge *in medias res* concerning Tibet, his book will be most acceptable. The book opens with a description of the geographical situation of Tibet. With the excellent map of the country before him, the reader can readily understand the various routes which open the way to the "roof of the world." By far the most interesting and valuable part of the book is the summary of the classics of Tibetan adventure and exploration. All these expeditions — from the time of the earliest Mongolian invasion, the eighteenth-century explorations by the monks, the mission of the Englishman Bogle, Thomas Manning's visit to Tibet and Lhasa, Moorcroft's mysterious attempt, Huc and Gabet's journey, and the more modern attempts of Rockhill, Prjevalski, Needham, Chandra Das, Wellby, Bower, Littledale, Bonvalot, Sven Hedin, Ryder, Rawling, and Younghusband — are chronologically described and amply examined for historical, geographical, political, and ethnological data. With Lhasa itself, however, the book has little to do. "It is intended to illustrate to some extent the sequence of exploration in that great wilderness of stony and inhospitable altitudes which lie far beyond Lhasa." While Colonel Holdich does not pose as a commercial prophet, he too, in agreement with Messrs. Waddell and Sherring, holds forth the tantalizing bait of the great wealth of gold which lies so near the surface in many parts of Tibet. We note an easily corrected error on page 102, where the author says that Bogle's Mission returned from Tibet in 1874, — the correct date being 1784. He evidently accepts the story that Moorcroft reached Lhasa and lived there for some time before his death in the first quarter of the last century; but it should be remembered that the story is founded on circumstantial evidence. His assertion that "the Tibetan men and women never wash their faces" is contradicted by Colonel Waddell, who tells about a Saturnalian feast where the women washed their faces, revealing their rosy cheeks. These minor errors, however, detract but little from the otherwise scholarly work of the author, which will be held in high esteem as a general reference-book for the history of exploration and travel in Tibet.

One need not go to the Far East, however, to find the spirit of mystery. The Near East — in the Balkans — presents a politico-religious problem as difficult as may be found anywhere in the world. Mr. John Foster Fraser, an English newspaper correspondent, is one of the most recent travellers in that section of Europe, and his book entitled "Pictures from the Balkans" intensifies the general opinion that some sort of interference must be brought about to stop Turkish misgovernment on the one hand and the internal dissension of the Balkan States on the other. Mr. Fraser went through the country, from Belgrade to Sofia, to Plevna, Tirnova, Philippolis, to Adrianople, thence southward through the ill-defined boundaries of Macedonia to Salonika, to Monastir, Ochrida, Elbasan, and Berat, and then northward to Uskup, and departed from the Balkans on the line he had entered. Montenegro was not visited. The keynote to the book is struck in the opening paragraph:

> "Riding in Macedonia, I passed the village of Orovji. The inhabitants had just buried seven Bulgarians and four Turkish soldiers who had killed each other the previous day. Otherwise all was quiet."

Near the close of the book we read:

> "Everybody is jolly. Murder is so commonplace that it arouses no shudder. In the night is the little bark of a pistol, a shriek, a clatter of feet. 'Hello! somebody killed!' That is all."

These truly picaresque descriptions are indicative of Mr. Fraser's style and tone. But in describing a land where democracy and aristocracy are in a death-grapple, where religion and bloodshed are synonymous terms, where "natives occasionally die from disease, but generally from differences of opinion," and where the Powers are playing the part of hungry vultures waiting for the time of feasting, it is permissible for an author to be picturesque, cynical, and pessimistic, — especially if he be a European. When the real struggle comes in the Balkans, it will be precipitated, asserts Mr. Fraser, by the dour, sullen, stolid, unimaginative, unsentimental, but hard-working, plodding, and ambitious Bulgarians, who, he thinks, will prevail in the contest. But when Bulgaria acquires the fruits of her

energy and victory over Turkey, then will come the tug of war among the European Powers; for neither Austria nor Russia nor Germany, nor perhaps Italy, will acquiesce in the creation of another Power in the Near East. And when this political Ragnarôk is fought out to the bitter end, says Mr. Fraser, Germany, in the event of the defeat of Turkey, expects to be the Power that will subjugate the rivals. On the other hand, if Turkish arms should prevail, Germany will demand as her price for aiding Turkey, first concessions, then protectorates, then possessions. The only glimmer of hope for the Balkan States lies in the great dream of perfection — a Balkan Confederation with the Turks a party to the confederation. Mr. Fraser's pictures of the Balkans are in *oscuro* — so much so that two of the illustrations which reveal horrible scenes are printed on leaves provided with perforations, that they may be easily torn from the book by squeamish readers. Mr. Fraser adds nothing particularly new to our knowledge of affairs in the Balkans, and for this reason we wish he had given us more chapters similar to his pleasing and diverting ones entitled "The Rose Garden of Europe" (meaning thereby the rose plantations near Kasanlik) and "His Majesty's Representative," a description of a British consulate in the Balkans.

H. E. Coblentz.

Briefs on New Books.

Education, — is it a science or an art?

Professor Horne's new book on "The Psychological Principles of Education" (Macmillan) contains much that is of uncommon value and significance. It is unfortunate that the first part of the book consists of a discussion of the somewhat worn question, "Is there a Science of Education?" and adds nothing of importance to the debate, falling into the common error of confusing the question of the existence or possibility of scientific study of education with that of the existence of a science of education. The existence of a science of education does not depend upon the methods of educational study, but upon the question whether education constitutes an independent and intrinsically unitary body of knowledge such as to form the groundwork of a science. We believe this question must be answered in the negative; nor is the dignity and importance of education one whit lessened by such a conclusion, — indeed, its place is rather elevated by the belief that it is not a science, but a great life-art, ministered to by a circle of auxiliary sciences. The very question with which Professor Horne's discussion opens is damaging evidence: "Is there a science of educating?" (page 3). If so, why not a science of boxing, or any other indubitable art? The conception of normative science falls into confusion in that the normative is declared to be based upon the descriptive. "The best in the descriptive," we read, "is the basis for the normative" (page 17). But how can we have any knowledge of what is *best* without first possessing the norms? Again, we are told that universal validity is not one of the inalienable characteristics of science (page 9). On the contrary, universal validity is just the one characteristic that marks the truth for which science strives; whereas, as Dr. Horne agrees, the knowledge at which education aims is relative and changing. The fact that both science and the arts must be always content with approximations does not affect the fundamental difference in their ideals. The definition of "concept" in Chapter XII. wavers perceptibly. First we read, "Conception is the knowledge of general objects" (page 155); on the next page, "We can now have a concept of the John Smith we perceived on the street." What we have in this case is of course a *memory image*, — or, in the better and more recent phrase, a centrally excited perception. The real strength of Dr. Horne's book is found in its treatment of emotional, moral, and religious education; these vital subjects are handled with breadth, warmth, and frankness, and with an unusually full comprehension of their supreme importance. Particularly refreshing is the emphasis laid upon æsthetic culture, in Chapter XX.; the author reproves our neglect, in these industrial days, of the education of those powers of higher appreciation which the Greeks so well knew how to value and to nourish. Our only disagreement with the author would be that he does not go far enough, either in the scope of the field or in the appraisal of its value for economic, social, and ethical development. But he has taken a commendable step in the right direction. The style of the book is clear, simple, straightforward; we have not found an obscure or ambiguous sentence. But why should any educated man, even an American, say *mad* when he means *angry* (pages 220 and 224).

Aftermath of the Hawthorne centenary.

Mr. Frank Preston Stearns's "Life and Genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne" (Lippincott) has somewhat the air of a belated contribution to the Hawthorne centennial literature. Perhaps its length and its fulness of detail may partly explain its tardiness. The lack of critical comment in previous lives of Hawthorne is given as the *raison d'être* of this additional biography. Messrs. Lathrop, Julian Hawthorne, and Conway are, however, the only biographers mentioned; while Mr. Henry James, whose work, contributed to the "English Men of Letters" series, is of the very essence of literary criticism, and Professor Woodberry, whose study of Hawthorne in the "American Men of Letters" series is nothing if not scholarly and critical, are wholly overlooked. Mr. Stearns's book contains much interesting matter, and shows marks of faithful and loving labor; its citations and references and illustrations are varied and sometimes illuminating; but its style is rambling and diffuse — a fault not offset by any keenness of criticism in the chapters devoted to what he proclaims as the distinctive feature of his work. Little less than wanton are such divagations as that

on the London fog, which, we are gravely informed, "is composed of soft-coal smoke, which, ascending from innumerable chimneys, is filtered in the upper skies, and then, mixed with vapor, is cast back upon the city by every change of wind. It is not unpleasant to the taste, and seems to be rather healthful than otherwise." He suggests that Hester Prynne may have been modelled after the author's younger sister, and compares (not explicitly but by tentative suggestion) Hester's position with that of George Eliot in her relations with Lewes — which at least has the merit of startling novelty. "Fannie Kemble, as she was universally called," looks a bit strange in that spelling. In her the author thinks he discovers Hawthorne's "antipodes." Horatio Bridge's offer to guarantee the publisher against loss on a volume of Hawthorne's short stories is called a "proposition." Why will educated writers and speakers persist in making this word do double duty, to the neglect of "proposal," which we cannot afford to lose? The portraits and other illustrations in this volume constitute its not least valuable feature.

Good work by the Library of Congress.

The Librarian of Congress is to be congratulated upon the recent manifestations of publishing enterprise on the part of the institution which does its work under his efficient administration. We have been commenting, from time to time, upon the journals of the Continental Congress, as the volumes of that noteworthy undertaking have come to us from the Government Printing Office; and we now have much satisfaction in calling attention to another work of similar character and almost equal importance. This is nothing less than the full text of the manuscript called the "Court Book," which contains the records of the Virginia Company of London from 1619 to 1624. This manuscript was purchased, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by Colonel William Byrd, from the estate of the Duke of Southampton, to whom it had come by inheritance from the Earl of Southampton, whom we all know as Shakespeare's friend and patron. Colonel Byrd's descendants owned it for about a century, and then it came into the possession of Thomas Jefferson, the Library of Congress buying it after his death. It is a work of fundamental importance to the student of American history, and its present publication has the special timeliness of just preceding the tercentenary of the first settlement made by the Virginia Company. The editorial work of this publication has been done by Miss Susan Myra Kingsbury, under the general supervision of Professor Herbert L. Osgood. Miss Kingsbury provides a historical and bibliographical introduction of over two hundred pages. There are two large quarto volumes, handsomely printed on special paper with broad margins. Another important publication from the same source is the "Portrait Index" upon which the American Library Association has been engaged for some ten years. A few figures will give an idea of the comprehensiveness of this work. It fills over 1600 pages, indexes 1181 titles and 6216 volumes, and tells the inquirer where to find about 120,000 portraits of about 40,000 people. Both of the works which we have here described are withdrawn from free distribution, but may be purchased at nominal prices from the Superintendent of Documents. They will prove a boon to workers of many kinds.

Sketches from the note-book of a journalist.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell's pen-portraits of a great variety of social types are reprinted in a handy and attractive volume with the title "Social Silhouettes" (Dutton), which well fits the unelaborate form of the sketches. The chapters average but seven pages in length, and the method of treatment, as well as the space devoted to each type, is nearly uniform. A rapid backward glance, with references to and brief quotations from standard authors, especially Dickens, Thackeray, and Matthew Arnold, is followed by more immediate and personal observations and illustrations — the whole executed in a brisk, chatty, effective style that shows the facility engendered of long practice. Besides being an able journalist, the author is something of a reformer, and confesses that he has pleaded "with equal passion for all (or nearly all) the Fads." Thus we find him deploring the unequal lot of the servants of the Church: "Such are the conditions of life in the ministry of a Church which enjoys a secured and acknowledged income of nearly six millions, and of which the chief pastor has £15,000 a year, the finest house in London, and an agreeable residence at Canterbury." In justifying his choice of "The Quidnunc" rather than "The Gossip" as heading to his 38th chapter, the author incidentally remarks: "Shakespeare, as far as I remember, recognizes no male gossips." The captious critic might reply by citing Helena's speech in "All 's Well," i. 1, where Cupid is spoken of as gossipping; also the Duke's speech in "Comedy of Errors," v. 1, "With all my heart I 'll gossip at this feast"; and again (a not very apt illustration from a doubtful play) King Henry's words to his courtiers in "Henry VIII.," v. 4, "My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal." The skilful coining of needed words is often pardonable, but "hubristic" seems superfluous; and moreover, being evidently from the same Greek word that gives us "hybrid," it should, consistently, be "hybristic."

A sensible appreciation of Chaucer.

Good wine needs no bush and a great poet no interpreter — provided you are no stranger to the wine or the poet. But as there is always a first time when the coming connoisseur of both wine and poetry needs direction, there are bushes over wine-shops and "interpretations and appreciations" in the book-shops. Of the latter, one of the most satisfactory of recent publications is Mr. Root's "The Poetry of Chaucer" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This interesting study avoids both the iridescent foam of clever but shallow appreciation and the dead calm of unanimated learning. It devotes just so much

attention to the demands of pure scholarship in matters of form, dates, sources, etc., as is necessary to make clear the nature of Chaucer's development. Disputed questions are touched upon briefly or relegated to the footnotes, but not without a succinct statement of the author's position. Each poem is taken up separately, single chapters being given to "The Romaunt of the Rose," "Troilus and Criseyde," "The House of Fame," and "The Legend of Good Women," and four — nearly half the book — to "The Canterbury Tales." In his treatment of Chaucer's literary art, Mr. Root is eminently successful; throughout he is sane and impartial. Not all that Chaucer did is on that account good, not even some of the things for which the ungodly praise him. Our author has high ideals for art, and not even Chaucer may violate them with impunity. It is with peculiar affection that Mr. Root regards his author, and we are not surprised that he should take issue with the Wordsworthians for Chaucer's right to the third place after the matchless two, Shakespeare and Milton. It is because Chaucer grips our affections that we give him this place, so much more of our own human nature has he than the rapt and solitary Wordsworth.

So saith the Preacher.

A streak of the preacher, the sermonizer, runs through us all, and most of us dearly love to hold forth in an edifying strain if we can only capture an audience, or even a single auditor, to listen. To this rule Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the accomplished editor of the London "Bookman," is no exception; but his congregation is made up of willing hearers. His late collection of essays, or sermonettes, or editorial homilies, whichever one chooses to call them, has the oddly alluring title, "The Key of the Blue Closet" (Dodd), and is composed, at least in part, of reprinted pieces, as readable as they are brief. The chapter that gives the book its title is the third, which opens with a reference to "The Mill on the Floss" — to Mrs. Pullet's apprehension lest her husband should fail to find the key of the Blue Closet after her death. "The Blue Closet" seems to mean, in Dr. Nicoll's book, the inner and secret chamber of the soul, and also the less obvious side of things in general, although the title is only loosely and partially applicable to the chapters grouped under it. Four good personal sketches — of Alexander Bain, R. H. Hutton, James Payn, and Robert A. Neil — based on some actual acquaintance with these men, and written on the occasion of their several deaths, are particularly to be commended. The late George Macdonald is also noticed in a rather more perfunctory sketch. The essayist's high praise of the letters of his intimate friend Neil, of which he possesses many, and which he finds more Lamb-like (so to speak) than any he has ever read, makes one wish they might be published, under his editorship. So wholesome and enjoyable a book as this little volume of essays should find many readers, as it doubtless will.

Beginning of a history of Civilization.

A few years ago Professor Charles Seignobos, the well-known French historian, published a three-volume History of Civilization designed for use in secondary schools. The work was popular from the beginning, and soon became widely used. Not long ago the Messrs. Scribner announced an English version of this history, the translation to be the work of Professor A. H. Wilde. The first volume of the series has appeared. It is a plain straightforward account of civilized life in the Orient, Greece, and Rome, one that is easily within the intellectual range of the average high school pupil. The translation seems to have been carefully made, and the editor's notes, though not numerous, are of distinct value. Nevertheless the book is something of a disappointment. In his effort to cover the entire field the author has naturally been compelled to include a great deal that is already found in the high-school text-book. The advanced student will probably not find very much material that is new to him, at least not so much as a book designed for supplementary reading ought to contain. It may be that in France the makers of text-books content themselves with giving an account of political matters only; and in such a case this work would be found very satisfactory. But our own authors are more ambitious, and insist on making the growth of culture a prominent part of their manuals. Their discussions need to be supplemented with more detailed accounts of the more important topics and periods, rather than with a general survey.

Memoir of a philosopher and historian.

The short life of Thomas Hill Green, written by his pupil and friend the late R. L. Nettleship, and prefixed to the third volume of Green's works published twenty years ago, is now issued in separate form by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. with a brief preface by Mrs. Green. As a thinker who reconciled philosophy with religion on the one hand and with practical politics on the other, the distinguished professor of moral philosophy and author of "Prolegomena to Ethics" and other writings is an interesting figure to readers of serious and speculative turn, and they will welcome this convenient and attractive reprint. Nettleship's memoir of Green, as an authoritative reviewer said at the time of its first appearance, "fairly finds him out." He was a man, his friend Leslie Stephen has observed, "whose homely exterior, reserved manner, and middle-class radicalism were combined with singular loftiness of character. He recalls in different ways Wordsworth, of whom he was to some degree a disciple even in philosophy, and Bright, whom he followed in politics. In youth he was impressed by Carlyle and Maurice. He developed the philosophical ideas congenial to him from the first, 'by a sympathetic study of Kant and Hegel.'" Readers of "Robert Elsmere" may not yet have forgotten "Mr. Gray," who is Thomas Hill Green as portrayed by the novelist. An apparently excellent portrait of a different sort appears as frontispiece to this inviting volume.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, sends us a small volume called "Westminster Versions," being translations of English verse into Latin and Greek made by a score or more of scholars, and collected under the editorial supervision of Mr. Herbert F. Fox. The translations are from many poets, including such moderns as Henley and Swinburne, and one venturesome Oxonian has even done Lowell's "The Courtin'" in Latin elegiacs. A second volume of similar character comes from Longmans, Green, & Co., and contains the "Translations into Latin and Greek Verse" made by the late H. A. J. Munro. These versions were printed for private circulation in 1884, but are now published for the first time. Dante and Goethe, besides a great number of English poets, are included among the subjects of these experiments.

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers of the translation of Heine's works which was undertaken by the late Charles G. Leland, and carried to completion after his death by other hands. The edition makes up a set of twelve volumes, the first eight of which give us the prose writings in Leland's version. Of the four volumes of verse, one (the "Book of Songs") was translated by Mr. T. Brooksbank, who died before the volume was published. The remaining three have been done by Miss Margaret Armour (Mrs. W. B. Macdougall), and, considering the extraordinary difficulty of the task, in an unexpectedly satisfactory manner. The best of Heine evaporates in translation, no doubt, but readers who possess no German may be congratulated upon having offered to them so close an approach to the original as is found in the present version.

The Macmillan Co. publish a translation, in modern French prose, of "La Chanson de Roland," edited by Professor J. Geddes, Jr. The apparatus, consisting of introduction, bibliography, notes, manuscript readings, and index, is very extensive, and there is also a series of highly interesting illustrations from various sources. Other French texts are Racine's "Les Plaideurs," edited by Professor C. H. C. Wright, and published by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., and a volume of "Feuilletons Choisis," edited by Mr. Cloudesley Brereton, and published by Mr. Henry Frowde. Two German texts from the Messrs. Heath are "Wilkommen in Deutschland," a reader prepared by Professor W. E. Mosher, and "Munchhausen's Reisen und Abenteuer," edited by Professor F. G. G. Schmidt. Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. publish "Das Edle Blut," a tale by Herr Ernst von Wildenbruch, edited by Professor Ashley K. Hardy.

The new edition of Keats's poems prepared by Mr. H. Buxton Forman for the Oxford Clarendon Press is neither an exhaustive *variorum* edition nor a mere unedited text; but aims to present the complete body of Keats's verse illustrated by the most significant of existing variant readings and cancelled passages. Thus the reader is able to obtain a good general view of the processes and results of Keats's creative faculty without becoming submerged in *minutiæ*. A long and interesting introduction describes the various sources and materials upon which the authoritative text of Keats now rests. Needless to say, no one is more thoroughly familiar with this material than Mr. Buxton Forman, and it is not likely that his labors in Keats's behalf will ever be superseded. The present volume is uniform in make-up with the recent Oxford editions of Shelley and Blake, which is to say that it is in every detail a model of conservative book-making. There is a photogravure frontispiece of Keats at Wentworth Place, after Severn's painting; a title-page vignette from a tracing by Keats of a Grecian urn (not *the* urn, however); an etching on steel by William Bell Scott of Severn's poignant death-bed portrait of the poet; a reproduction of Haydon's life-mask of Keats placed in the position of Severn's death-bed sketch; and a facsimile leaf from a holograph draft of "The Eve of St. Mark," containing sixteen lines not hitherto published in any other edition.

NOTES.

The Macmillan Co. publish an advanced text-book on "Qualitative Analysis as a Laboratory Basis for the Study of General Inorganic Chemistry," by Professor William Conger Morgan.

Heywood's "The Royall King and Loyall Subject," reprinted from the quarto of 1637 and edited by Miss Kate Watkins Tibbals, is a recent publication of the University of Pennsylvania.

The "Antigone," in a verse-translation by Mr. Robert Whitelaw, with introduction and notes by Mr. J. Churton Collins, and intended for school-study as a literary classic, is published by Mr. Henry Frowde.

"Animal Micrology," by Dr. Michael F. Guyer, is a recent publication of the University of Chicago Press. It is a practical manual of microscopical technique as applied to the preparation and study of animal tissues.

Two new volumes in the "Langham Series of Art Monographs," imported by the Messrs. Scribner, are "Hokusai: The Old Man Mad with Painting," by Mr. Edward F. Strange, and "Oxford," by Mr. H. J. L. J. Massé.

Herr Felix Weingartner's essay on "Symphony Writers since Beethoven," translated by Mr. Arthur Bles, has been made (with the help of portraits and thick pages) into a sizable book, which is now imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Four commemorative addresses by President Eliot are collected into a small volume and published by the American Unitarian Association. The subjects are Franklin, Washington, Channing, and Emerson, and the book is entitled "Four American Leaders."

For the fourth issue of their "Lakeside Classics," Messrs. R. R. Donnelley & Sons have chosen William Penn's "Fruits of Solitude," which comes in a tastefully-printed volume with a portrait in photogravure. An editorial note is supplied by Mr. John Vance Cheney.

Miss Elsie M. Lang's "Literary London," introduced by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and illustrated by many photographs, will prove useful to the tourist who is in search of the spots associated with the great English writers. The arrangement is alphabetical. Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons publish the volume.

Gifford's translation of Juvenal faces the Latin text on alternate pages of the latest volume to be published in the "Temple Greek and Latin Classics." The introduction and notes are credited to Mr. A. F. Cole. The freedom of this old translation is brought out by the leading required to enable Juvenal to keep pace with Gifford, the average being three English for two Latin verses.

The quest of American literature for the British market is an interesting sign of the times. In establishing a New York branch of its business, the well-known publishing house of Chatto & Windus, which has existed for over two hundred years in London, frankly announces that it has been "moved to take this step by the fast-increasing importance of American literature, both grave and gay, which is now eagerly sought by British readers." This is a decided reversal of the old order prevailing in the days when it used to be scornfully asked, "Who reads an American book?"

List of New Books.

[The following list, containing 52 titles, includes books received by The Dial *since its last issue.]*

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

The Cambridge "Apostles." By Frances M. Brookfield. With portraits, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 370. Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Queen of Indiscretions: The Tragedy of Caroline of Brunswick, Queen of England. Trans. by Frederic Chapman from the Italian of Graziano Paolo Clerici. With portraits in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 363. John Lane Co. $7. net.

Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea: A Memoir. By Lord Stanmore. In 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt tops. E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

Personal Recollections of Johannes Brahms: Some of his Letters to and Pages from a Journal Kept by George Henschel. With portraits, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 94. Gorham Press. $1.50.

HISTORY.

Early English and French Voyages, chiefly from Hakluyt, 1534-1608. Edited by Henry S. Burrage, D.D. With maps, large 8vo, pp. 451. "Original Narratives of Early American History." Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. net.

The Lombard Communes: A History of the Republics of North Italy. By W. F. Butler, M.A. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 495. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

Dictionnaire D'Histoire et de Géographie du Japon. By E. Papinot, M.A. Illus., with supplementary maps, 8vo, pp. 992. Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh, Ltd.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Letters of William Blake, together with a Life by Frederick Tatham. Edited from the Original Manuscripts, with Introduction and Notes by Archibald G. B. Russell. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 237. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2. net.

A Last Ramble in the Classics. By Hugh E. P. Platt. 18mo, gilt top, pp. 205. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Works of Heinrich Heine. Trans. from the German by Charles Godfrey Leland and others. In 12 vols., each with photogravure portrait, 12mo, gilt top. E. P. Dutton & Co. Per set, $25.

The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Trans. by John Jackson; with Introduction by Charles Bigg. 16mo, uncut, pp. 238. Oxford University Press. $1. net.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

When Yesterday Was Young. By Mildred I. McNeal-Sweeney. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 147. Robert Grier Cooke. $1.25.

Songs from the Capital. By Clara Ophelia Bland. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 89. Gorham Press. $1.25.

FICTION.

Andrew Goodfellow: A Tale of 1805. By Helen H. Watson. 12mo, pp. 358. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

The Squaw Man. By Julie Opp Faversham; adapted from the Play by Edward Milton Royle. Illus., 12mo, pp. 294. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

The Time Machine: An Invention. By H. G. Wells. New edition; with frontispiece, 18mo, pp. 216. Henry Holt & Co.

The House of the Hundred Doors. By Will M. Clemens. 12mo, pp. 41. New York: The Hawthorne Press. 50 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Highways and Byways in Berkshire. By James Edmund Vincent. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 443. Macmillan Co. $2.

Literary London. By Elsie M. Lang; with Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 349. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

Christian Theology in Outline. By William Adams Brown, Ph.D. Large 8vo, pp. 468. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The New Appreciation of the Bible: A Study of the Spiritual Outcome of Biblical Criticism. By Willard Chamberlain Selleck, D.D. 12mo, pp. 409. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

Modern Poets and Christian Teaching. New vol.: James Russell Lowell, by William A. Quayle. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 155. Eaton & Mains. $1. net.

Through the Sieve: A Group of Picked Sayings Shortly Told. By Addison Ballard, D.D. 12mo, pp. 150. Robert Grier Cooke. $1. net.

The Methodist Year Book, 1907. Edited by Stephen V. R. Ford. Illus., 12mo, pp. 246. Eaton & Mains. Paper, 25 cts.

SOCIOLOGY.—POLITICS.—PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

Social and Ethical Interpretations in Mental Development: A Study in Social Psychology. By James Mark Baldwin. Fourth edition, enlarged; large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 606. Macmillan Co. $2.60 net.

American Problems: Essays and Addresses. By James H. Baker, M.A. 12mo, pp. 222. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.20 net.

Four Aspects of Civic Duty. By William Howard Taft. 12mo, uncut, pp. 111. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1. net.

The Investments of Life Insurance Companies. By Lester W. Zartman. 12mo, pp. 259. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

Politics and Disease. By A. Goff and J. H. Levy. 12mo, pp. 291. London: P. S. King & Son.

MUSIC AND ART.

Symphony Writers since Beethoven. By Felix Weingartner; trans. from the German by Arthur Bles. New edition; with portraits, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 163. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

Hokusai, the Old Man Mad with Painting. By Edward F. Strange, M.J.S. Illus. in color, etc., 18mo, gilt top, pp. 71. "Langham Series of Art Monographs." Charles Scribner's Sons. Leather, $1. net.

SCIENCE.

Rocks, Rock-Weathering and Soils. By George P. Merrill. New edition; illus., 8vo, pp. 400. Macmillan Co. $3. net.

Annual Reports of the Archæological Institute of America, 1905-1906. In 2 vols., illus., large 8vo, uncut. Macmillan Co. Paper.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Right Secrets. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illus., 12mo, pp. 338. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Tales of Jack and Jane. By Charles Young. Illus. in color, 8vo, pp. 131. John Lane Co.

"Boy Wanted": A Book of Cheerful Counsel. By Nixon Waterman. Illus., 8vo, pp. 106. Forbes & Co. $1.25.

Old-Fashioned Rhymes and Poems. Selected by Mrs. Roadknight. 12mo, pp. 96. Longmans, Green, & Co. 50 cts.

EDUCATION.

Report of the Connecticut State Board of Education, together with the Report of the Secretary of the Board. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 732. Hartford Press.

Qualitative Analysis as a Laboratory Basis for the Study of General Inorganic Chemistry. By William Conger Morgan, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 351. Macmillan Co. $1.90 net.

A Short Course on Differential Equations. By Donal Francis Campbell, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 96. Macmillan Co. 90 cts. net.

Heath's Modern Language Series. New vols.: Selections from Pascal, edited by F. M. Warren: Quatre-Vingt-Treize, by Victo Hugo, edited by C. Fontaine, B.L.; Teja, by Hermann Sudermann. Each with portrait, 16mo. D. C. Heath & Co.

Sophocles' Antigone. Trans. by Robert Whitelaw; edited by J. Churton Collins, Litt.D. 16mo, pp. 56. Oxford University Press. 35 cts. net.

Racine's Les Plaideurs. Edited by Charles H. Conrad Wright. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 104. "Heath's Modern Language Series." D. C. Heath & Co. 30 cts.

Münchausen's Reisen und Abenteuer. By F. G. G. Schmidt, Ph.D. 16mo, pp. 123. D. C. Heath & Co. 30 cts.

Poems of Victor Hugo. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Arthur Graves Canfield. 18mo, pp. 358. Henry Holt & Co.

Songs for Schools. Compiled by Charles Hubert Farnsworth. Large 8vo, pp. 141. Macmillan Co. 60 cts. net.

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